Northern Messenger

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'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.'—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

W Bronscombe 30 09

Never Dim.

The storm-cloud and the darkness came together up the Channel,
As the watchman at the lighthouse fired his beacons for the night;
And from every bright reflector, and each slow revolving panel
Gleamed forth to vessels far and near a warning from the height.

The helmsman of the stately ship doing battle in the distance,
The fisherman who turned his boat before the storm to flee,

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Knew the light which from the rock-bound shore burned bright for his assistance,
And women blessed the beacon-fire who prayed for those at sea.

'Now tell me,' said the stranger who looked forth beside the master,
'Failed you never through the months and years the warning-lamps to trim?'.
Then came there o'er the other, as with shadow of disaster,
A thought of woe and shipwreck should the lighthouse fires burn dim.

'But for a single hour did the beacon lamp shine dimly,
Though weeks and months should pass away, the tale would come at last
Of reckonings lost, and stranded boats, and seamen fighting grimly
For the refuge and the harbor in the darkness overpast.

'Night by night throughout the year goes forth the lonely lighthouse keeper,
As the storm-wind, fiercely raging, sounds its bugle call to him;
Dark were the morning's waking at his post were he a sleeper;
No, never for an hour may the lighthouse fire burn dim.'

Through the night of sin and darkness there are thousands roaming blindly
Who, tempest-tost and helpless, yet no guiding-star have known;
One only light, one beacon lamp, with warning ray and kindly,
Revealing all the danger, makes the only refuge known.

Are we holding forth the Word of Life to wanderers in the distance?
Are we telling of His love who calls the tempest-tost to Him?
Father of lights! to Thee we pray; now grant us Thine assistance;
Keep Thou our hearts from failing, and our lamps from burning dim!

—From 'Stories for Workers.' Published by Seeley, Jackson & Halliday, London.

Character.

It is a very curious and interesting fact that the word 'character,' which comes into our English speech directly and without change of sound from the Greek, signifies first the sharp tool with which a seal or a die is engraved, and then the inscription or the object which is cut in the seal or in the die. Our character, then, is the image and the superscription which we cut upon our life; I say which 'we' cut, for, however much happens to us and bears upon us from outside causes beyond our control, it is true, in the last analysis, that we determine our own character. We hold the tools which cut the legends on our life, we grave the die, we incise the seal. What are the tools with which we cut character upon ourselves? The tools are thoughts. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. The style and the subject of the engraved character depend on the choice of tools and on the manner of their use. The legend on the seal shows what was in the mind of the engraver as he cut with his tools. Here is a seal with a cross cut in it. That cross was the leading idea in the engraver's mind for that seal; and his busy tool translated that invisible thought of his mind into this fixed and visible sign. Character is invisible thought translated into visibility, and, fixed before the eye, cut on the life.—The Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D.

Two Preachers.

Two preachers went to the post-office to get their mail, and one of them had been writing a sermon and continued to think on the subject as he walked down the street. He decided to change the language on the last page and elaborate more fully an argument in the middle of the sermon. He got his letters from the office, went home, made the changes he intended, and was utterly unconscious he had done anything wrong.

But he had angered a sensitive man, offended two middle-aged ladies, and forever insulted a young mother, who was out with her three-months-old baby. He had passed them all without seeing them, for he was lost in himself and was utterly oblivious to all others.

The other preacher was writing a sermon also, but when he left his study he left his thoughts with his pen and manuscript. He passed down the street a few minutes after the other. He met the sensitive man, and said: 'Why how do you do, brother, I'm real glad to see you. How is your wife? Fine day!' and then passed on. Next he met one of the ladies and stopped to shake hands with her, and as the other one came up, he said: 'Well, I am in luck to-day in meeting so many of my friends, and here comes Mrs

So-and-so with her baby.' As the young mother came up with her heart's treasure, he said to the baby, 'Oh, you little darling!' and to the mother, 'You have a beautiful baby.' He went to the post-office, got his mail, and went home without any idea that he had done anything unusual. But he had made four people feel glad. He had drawn to himself the good feelings and kind thoughts of four hearts, and they all went to hear him preach the next Sunday morning, for people love to be noticed; every human heart loves to be appreciated, for God has made that a part of our nature. Nothing kills the good feelings in the heart of a child quicker than neglect and indifference, from his minister especially, if he has been taught to respect and reverence the minister as the man of God. And we are all children in our hearts, for the heart cannot grow old, and that ties us to eternal youth.

Both these men were perfectly natural; both were good preachers and Christian gentlemen; each one had acted according to his nature, but one was fortunately constituted in being naturally sociable, and the other had a very unfortunate defect and a very small congregation, for 'a man that hath friends must show himself friendly.' (Prov. xxviii., 24.)—'Methodist Protestant.'

The Playthings of the World.

'I was preaching in an American city,' says Gipsy Smith, the well-known evangelist, 'and at the close of the service in a large church a lady with a little boy came up to me as I was walking down the steps of the pulpit into the vestry. She said:

'"Sir, will you shake hands with my boy?"

'I said: "Certainly. Why are you so anxious that I should shake hands with him?"

'"Well," she said, "I have had great blessings in these meetings, and I should like my boy to shake hands with you so that in after life my boy can say that he shook hands with a gipsy whom God had saved and made into a preacher."

'The boy put out his left hand to me, and I said:

'"Is there anything the matter with your right hand, my boy?"

'"No, sir," replied the lad.

'"Well, then," I said, "let me shake hands with your right hand. I do not like to shake hands with the left."

'The boy looked at me with his great eyes, but would not put out his right hand.

'"Now, my boy," I said, "it must be your right hand or nothing. I cannot wait. I must go."

'The boy then drew his right hand slowly from behind his back, and offered it to me. I saw it was tightly clenched, I said:

'"My boy, open your hand. I cannot shake hands with a closed fist like that?"'

'Slowly and reluctantly he opened his hand and there in the middle of it were three or four marbles.

'To me,' adds Gipsy Smith, 'the sight of these marbles was very touching. The boy could not take my hand because of his marbles, and there is a dear Hand held out to every sinner, and he cannot take it because of his playthings. Men are being eternally lost by their playthings—their gambling-books, their cards, their money. They can't open their hand, and clasp the hand of Him who is mighty to save.'—A. C. W.

Religious News.

Dr. F. E. Clarke has recently written:

The schools of France leave much to be desired, for they are for the most part not only godless but positively skeptical, if not atheistic in their teaching. Abraham is treated as a myth, as are all the rest of the patriarchs. Miracles are denied, and the Bible disputed, when not ignored. Of course the morality and spirituality founded upon Bible teaching have little influence in the schools: and the churches, Sunday-schools, Christian Endeavor societies, and missions have the double task of counteracting the skeptical teaching of the public schools and instilling the principles of pure religion and morality in all those whom they can reach. In this respect the McAll Mission is doing an invaluable work just at this time, wherever its activities reach.

Never was there a more important or critical time in the spiritual history of a great and brave people than the present. Never was there a time when the comparatively small Protestant force more needed the sympathy, prayer, and material aid of the Christians of other lands. May it be granted in full measure.

Not long since about 150 students attending the universities and divinity colleges of Scotland visited Aberdeen on a campaign for the institution of systematic study of missions and social problems. Practically every Protestant church in the city—Established, United Free, Congregational, Methodist and Episcopalian—was open to the students, two of whom gave pulpit addresses in each church, and afterward addressed united meetings of young people. Keen interest was aroused, and definite promise to form study circles was given. The working of model circles was demonstrated and explained, and Professor W. P. Paterson, Edinburgh, and Professor Sir William Ramsay, Aberdeen, addressed a crowded meeting in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

The Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda, who paid a visit to America a year or so ago, is a keen advocate for the extension of a sound and practical education among the people over whom he rules. He has led the way in India in the establishment of free and compulsory schools, and the law includes girls as well as boys. The maharajah has swept away class and caste distinctions in the schools by sending his daughters and his relatives to sit side by side with other scholars; no social distinctions are allowed to interfere with the knowledge offered to all comers. It is estimated that, including the compulsory schools, there are now in the state 350 girls' schools, Mohammedan, Marathi, Gujarati, and in Baroda there is a high school for girls, which prepares them for the matriculation examination of the Bombay University. Instruction is given in the vernaculars, and English has only been added lately.—'Brooklyn Eagle.'

Work in Labrador.

NOTES OF THE WINTER FROM DR. GRENFELL.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

The winter in Labrador, and our northern section of Newfoundland has been one of extreme severity—more snow has fallen during the winter months from December to March than any resident remembers, and with that a rather mild temperature has prevailed in the southern districts, so that travelling has been exceptionally difficult—a very serious additional trouble has been an epidemic of distemper which has killed a very large number of our dogs. The disease began somewhere near Quebec early in the year, and spread rapidly eastward—it struck our most western hospital somewhat this side of Anticosti Island early in February and the Doctor's kennels lost sixteen of the best hauling dogs—as the mails all along this coast are carried by dog sleighs, and as the two mail teams were first attacked and subsequently obliterated, it was at first supposed the disease spread by contagion, but later the disease suddenly appeared at our nursing station on the north-east coast of Newfoundland, having made a jump from the post we have at Forteau, just across the Straits of Belle Isle, and a distance of nine miles or more over impassable floating ice. Alas the trouble did not even stay there, but gradually travelled its way round the coast, and all teams, including our splendid teams at the east coast hospital of St. Anthony, paid a heavy tribute to its virulence. At this hospital also, we have a large wired enclosure in which we have been trying to open another local industry by breeding foxes. The great amount of snow had for some time prevented the man who feeds them from seeing the animals, some of which are unusually tame, but he gradually noticed less and less tracks, and on digging up laboriously vast heaps of snow he found some of the animals badly affected, and two of the best of them dead. Some reports I received recently from a friend, who has been trying a similar experiment on a large scale, for commercial purposes, on the Aleutian Island, states that owing to a disease called hooke worm, which has played havoc with his stock, he has had to close down and go out of what promised originally to be a very remunerative industry. The majority of his foxes were of the 'blue' variety, whereas ours were 'silvers,' the prices of which range so high—a good dark one fetching even two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds—that we had hoped for great things. One result of the trouble has been, however, to show a very greatly enhanced value for our new experiment in domestic reindeer; for our poorer neighbors have suffered like ourselves, and they have found it almost impossible to haul out of the country even the necessary amount of firewood to keep their stoves going. Under these circumstances our reindeer have proved a most invaluable stop-gap, and in this department of work have shown themselves very much more efficient than they did our first winter. The stags have been able to maintain distances of thirty miles a day regularly, and with ease, and have been hauling loads of six and seven hundred pounds without losing any weight. The enormous advantage of these beasts becomes at once apparent, when we remember they need neither hay nor cereals from year's end to year's end; indeed, hay seemed to involve a form of gastritus which is liable to prove speedily fatal. The only effort we made this year to help out those regularly working in the food line, was to gather and stock in a single open enclosure some additional supply of their favorite variety. This we did only to allow them to get it more quickly and so enable them to have more time to rest at nights, while they were working all day.

Yet another hopeful aspect of this branch of work has become apparent from experiments with their milk. Last autumn some milk was stored in sterilized bottles fitted with spring air tight caps, and now, after six months have elapsed they were opened and found to contain milk as sweet as when originally drawn. Of course the weather has been cold most of this long period; but one of our bugbears in the inception of the scheme was how we were to distribute to the scattered centres the milk from a herd that from the nature of our work at the best milking time it was necessary to centralize, this at any rate offers us one solution of the problem. We have promptly ordered a large supply of proper, easily-cleaned glass bottles, and we hope in this way to be able to maintain fresh reindeer milk on tap all the season.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

Dr. John Bancroft Devins, the eminent editor of the New York 'Observer,' is organizing the Oriental Travel League for Bible Teachers and Students in connection with the White Star Line, a 'Cruise of the Arabic' to the Mediterranean and Orient in January 1910. Dr. Devins will accompany the League personally, and hopes to make this one of the most important educational events of its kind that has ever been planned, and is preparing a comprehensive course of contemporaneous reading preparatory for the trip as well as a course of lectures to be delivered on board the steamer

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Jas. J. Carter, Norwood, $5.00; Robt. P. O'Brien, Noel Shore, N.S., $5.00; Total.. .. ..$ 10.00

Received for the cots:—Mrs. A. Forbes, Burford, Ont.. .. ..$ 2.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 404.48

Total on hand June 29.. .. ..$ 416.48

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

NOTE.—As the Montreal Labrador Medical Association have now forwarded their last shipment to Labrador for this season, Miss Roddick asks that no further supplies be sent to her address, but that all now sending clothing, etc., shall forward direct, express prepaid, addressed either to Dr. Hare, Deep Sea Mission Hospital, Harrington Harbor, Canadian Labrador, or to Dr. Grenfell, care of W. Peters, Esq., St. John's, Nfld.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JULY 25, 1909.

Paul's Second Missionary Journey.—Athens.

Acts xvii., 22-34. Memory verse 29. Read Acts xvii., 16-34.

Golden Text.

God is a spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. John iv., 24.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 19.—Acts xvii., 16-34.
Tuesday, July 20.—Isa. xl., 9-17.
Wednesday, July 21.—Isa. xl., 18-31.
Thursday, July 22.—Jer. x., 1-16.
Friday, July 23.—Psa. l., 1-15.
Saturday, July 24.—John iv., 19-29.
Sunday, July 25.—II. Cor. v., 1-11.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Our lesson to-day is one that has a lot about God in it, so just let us all bow our heads and ask Him to help us understand it. —Do you think God heard our little prayer just now? Yes, because He has told us to pray to Him when we need help and He will help us. You all know what it is to pray to God, don't you? We kneel and ask Him to care for us every night and morning all our life long, although we never see Him. We don't need to see Him to know that He loves and takes care of us, because Christ came to earth and told us so, and now we can read all about it in the Bible. But there are some people who don't know anything about God and never heard of Christ, and who do you think they worship and say prayers to? Some of them pray to animals, some pray to the sun, moon, and stars, and some make gods of wood and stone which they worship and pray to. They all know that somewhere there is a God, and some think that there must be lots of gods, because there would be too many things for just one god to look after. So these people say there is a god of the wind and a god of the waters; gods of the mountains and gods of the valleys, and away over in India they have a great many more than three million different kinds of gods. Of course, they can't worship them all, all the time; that would be impossible; so one day they have a feast for one, then another day they worship another, and one day in the year they have a big feast for all the other gods they haven't worshipped already, in case any one of these gods should get jealous and try to hurt them. Paul was in a city once where the people were somewhat like the Hindus in India to-day, for they worshipped ever so many gods and then got frightened that they might have forgotten or not known about one that might be important, too, so they built an altar and said it was in honor of an unknown god. Wasn't that a funny thing to do? Paul was walking along the street in this city called Athens one day, and being very sad about all these poor people not knowing about the only true God, when he saw this altar and found it gave him a good chance to preach a sermon and tell the people about God and Jesus.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The missionary company that set out by ship from Troas is now very broken up. Luke appears to have remained at Philippi, as it is from this point that he later rejoins the apostolic company (Acts xx., 4, 6); Silas and Timothy were left at Berea, and Paul was alone in Athens. This was not for long, however, for Silas and Timothy soon rejoined him, to be soon again despatched, Timothy to Thessalonica (I. Thes. iii., 1, 2); and Silas so far, as it can be judged, to Luke at Philippi, so that Paul was again alone at Athens (I. Thes. iii., 2). Timothy, it is true, returned to him there from Thessalonica (I. Thes. iii., 6), but seems to have been almost immediately sent back, probably with the letter in which Paul speaks of his return, for Silas and he returned together to Paul from Macedonia after he had left Athens (Acts xviii., 5). All this coming and going during the brief time of Paul's stay in Athens shows how strong was his interest in the churches which he had been instrumental in founding, for, much as he seemed to need his friends and helpers (Acts xvii., 15) he had rather manage as best he could without them than fear any harm to the little struggling churches. In Athens he found plenty to occupy his time, and his frequent open air addresses (verse 17) brought him the great chance at last of addressing the chief council of Athens. His tactful courtesy in the opening address is somewhat spoiled in our English translation, for the word translated 'too superstitious' (verse 22) indicated not the offense that it conveys to us, but an earnest appreciation of their active religious feelings. Nor did the word translated 'ignorantly' (verse 23) carry the offence the imputation of ignorance would to-day. He simply acknowledged the very fact they themselves had admitted that there was a God who was to them unknown, but after Whom they nevertheless sought. His appeal to them as 'men of Athens' with acknowledgment of their religious zeal, and on ground on which their own well-known poets had stood shows the Apostle's courtesy and culture. He seems to have been brought up rather shortly by some of the audience when the question of the resurrection was introduced, but there can be little doubt that this account of Luke's gives but a short portion of the whole address.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'We learn from Pliny that at the time of Nero, Athens contained over three thousand public statues, besides a countless number of lesser images within the walls of private houses. Of this number the great majority were statues of gods, demi-gods, or heroes. In one street there stood before every house a square pillar carrying upon it a bust of the god Hermes. Every gateway and porch carried its protecting god. Every street, every square, nay, every purlieu, had its sanctuaries, and a Roman poet bitterly remarked that it was easier in Athens to find gods than men.' —G. S. Davies, St. Paul in Greece.

Philo the Jew, who died ten or twelve years before this visit of Paul, says that 'Athens was to Greece what the pupil is to the eye, or the reason to the soul'; and describes a scene in Athens which he probably witnessed.

'The actors were exhibiting tragedy and were reciting those famous lines of Euripides

'"For Freedom is a name all precious;
Even if a man hath little theerof,
Let him esteem himself to have great riches."

'Then I beheld that all the spectators stood up on tiptoe with excitement, and with loud cheers and sustained cries prolonged their applause of the sentiment no less than their applause of a poet that not only glorified freedom in deed, but glorified its very name.'

All this will enable us to realize more perfectly the atmosphere and environment in which Paul preached the sermon in our lesson for to-day.

Verse 20. For thou bringest certain strange things. Astonishing, novel, startling things. This attracted them, for it was characteristic of the Athenians to spend their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing, Greek, 'the latest news,' the newest theology, the latest theories, 'the new thought.' Their own orators and poets lashed them for this peculiarity. Aristophanes styles Athens 'the city of the gapers' ('Knights,' 1262). Demades said that the crest of Athens ought to be a great tongue. . . . In the speech of Cleon to the Athenians, given by Thucydides (iii., 38), he says: "No men are better dupes, sooner deceived by novel notions, or slower to follow approved advice. You despise what is familiar, while you are worshippers of every new extravagance."'

A modern city of many shrines.—Says William Eleroy Curtis in his 'Modern India': 'No one can realize what an awful religion Hinduism is until he visits Benares. There are in the city two thousand temples and innumerable shrines, twenty-five thousand Brahman priests, monks, fakirs, and ascetics. There are more than five hundred thousand idols established in permanent places for worship in Benares, representing every variety of god in the Hindu pantheon, so that all the pilgrims who go there may find consolation and some object of worship.

'No other city has so many beggars, religious and otherwise; nowhere can so many pitiful spectacles of deformity and distress be seen; nowhere is such gross and repulsive obscenity and sensuality practised—and all in the name of religion.'

(FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 25. God is not served by men's hands as though He needed anything. Some there are who look upon their Church attendance, their prayer and their praise, as a service done to God. He needs them not, but they need them. From Him they receive everything; through their worship they lift up their souls to Him.

Verse 26. The longer I live, the more clearly I see there is a God who governs in the affairs of nations as well as individuals.—Benjamin Franklin.

Verse 27. 'I hold more strongly than ever to this conviction, deepened and strengthened by long experience, of the reality, the nearness, and the personality of God.'—Gladstone.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 25.—Topic—Missionary touring in Paul's time and in ours. Acts xiv., 21-27. (Missionary meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, July 19.—The ideal Servant. Isa. xlii., 1-4.

Tuesday, July 20.—Redemption by units. Isa. xliv., 1-8.

Wednesday, July 21.—A promise to the Orient. Isa. lx., 1-3.

Thursday, July 22.—Good soldiers. II. Tim. ii., 1-9.

Friday, July 23.—A missionary's life. Acts xx., 17-35.

Saturday, July 24.—Love under persecution. Matt. v., 43-48.

Sunday, July 25.—Topic—Heroes of missions in China. Matt. v., 13-16.

Hammered Home.

A nail stuck in a board is not of much service when the big wind comes. To be of service, it must be hammered home. The board is then held tight to the stud, supports it, and is supported by it. To do its best work, the nail needed to be hammered till it was all the way home.

Like the nails, a good idea is no use till it is hammered home. Merely stuck on the outside, it affects no one's heart or mind. What it needs is hammering—careful and judicious hammering, but hammering.

Place the nail on the board, give it a tap ever so adroitly, stop there, and the result is valueless. One tap will not drive a nail home. But a man strikes an idea one tap, and then feels himself aggrieved because it did not do the work. Some boards are thick, and some are hard, and perhaps the nail is a trifle blunt. A good deal of hammering is sometimes necessary.

But the nail will go home, and so will the idea, if the hammering is kept up. In each case the light taps come first. A heavy tap may start the nail wrong, and injure the wood. It is quite as possible to be maladroit in introducing even the best idea. But care in the tapping—gentleness of manner, respect, and sympathy—and the good idea may be driven home.—The 'Christian.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

Ontario sends us three more members for the League this week; their names are May Wallis, W., Ont., and Jean Coventry, and Helen Gerrie, two friends who join at the same time, from B., Ont.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have one horse named Maud and a dog named Laddie. He is a Scotch collie and will draw me on my hand-sleigh. I have a little sister named Eva. We have fifteen hens now. I am glad winter is over, because I was sick of it. There is no school now. Our teacher was sick and had to resign.

GLENN MORGAN (age 10).

Ottawa.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' We take the 'Northern Messenger' and I think it is a splendid paper. I am joining the Royal League of Kindness. I think it is a fine plan.

EDITH MacFAUL.

B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old living on a farm near the Port Medway River. The railroad bridge crosses over it at the foot of our hill. I go down fishing in the summer time and have great fun. I live a half mile from the station and have a little over a mile to go to school. I have only missed one day in this term. There are ten in my class. I have a little house all my own where I play. I have a little stove in it. A little pet squirrel takes apples in and eats them. He is a happy little fellow when he is in there, especially when in time of storm. And I have two pet sheep and a kitten named Tiddlewinks.

CHARLES.

E., N.S.

Dear Editor,—It begins to look spring like. We had a heavy rain yesterday. Father sold his oxen and bought a horse three weeks ago. I am going fishing and will stay over night, soon. We have most of our planting in. I was very sick for two weeks so I lost school. I was very pleased with my 'Pansy Blossom' and premium. Mother and I both try to get the 'Messenger' first when the mail comes in.

ELLWOOD MULLEN.

P. M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We had a pleasant winter; fine sleighing, and good skating. I enjoy skating very much. There has been a new mine started near Long Beach lately, which adds greatly to its appearance. Many men are employed there. We have a very nice Sunday School, and a good library. Our 'Christian Endeavor,' which meets every Wednesday night, is largely attended. My aunt lives in the city, and I go to visit her on holidays. I also enjoy visiting my cousin, B. McIsaac, who lives on a large farm, in the suburbs.

KATIE E. McLEOD (age 12).

B. F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wish to join the Royal League of Kindness. My brother (William M. Herald), will join, too, if he does not need to wear the ribbon. I was twelve years old in February. I have three miles to go to school.

MABEL HERALD.

[Certainly, Mabel, no one has to wear the badge. You only do that if you wish. Ed.]

H., Que.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country on a farm with my uncle and aunt. My uncle got me an organ and I am taking music lessons. I have two sisters and four brothers, my mother and father live in the next house from my uncle's. I have lived with my uncle and aunt for 10 years.

IDA FIDELIA McRAE.

H. H., Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I wish to thank you very much for this beautiful paper, because I enjoy many an hour's pleasant reading with it. We are getting a new church built here. It is a large church, as there are quite a number of people here, and all are Methodists. There is week-day school here, and our teacher is very nice. I like all the teachers who come here, but there is one I liked very much. She was here for two years, and all were sorry when she left, both old and young. She took a wonderful interest in both church and school. I love to praise her, because she is so good.

'MESSENGER' READER.

M. M., Mich.

Dear Editor,—I have a little brother two years old named Llewellyn. My grandmother who lives in Toronto sends me the 'Messenger.' My aunt Emily who lives with grandmother gets it at Centuary Baptist Church. I like it very much. Father is a preacher in the Baptist Church here. A new electric railroad has just started to run from Saginaw to Flint, every two hours, and stops at small places between, and this is one. Our school is about two minutes' walk from where we live. We are studying the countries in Michigan now, and expect to have an examination.

RUTH ALBERTA WILLIAMS.

D., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have got a diploma for the Shorter Catechism, also, a diploma and seals for Memory Passages. Our school is very small here, but there are quite a few going to try the High School Examination. The intervales are lovely and green here now. Our school is situated in a lovely place beside the peaceful West River. It was not very nice here for Victoria Day. It was pouring down rain, and there was likely a great many disappointed. The cold weather we have been having kept the farmers back with their crops. We have scarlet fever in our midst again. It has not been stamped out yet.

JESSIE L. HAMLLEN.

M. F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live in a town 80 miles north-east of Toronto, and it is sometimes very cold here in winter with a very great deal of snow. Two winters ago we did not get the mail for two weeks, and then I missed the 'Messenger' so much. My sister and I have a dog named 'Ponto.' He comes to the school every day to meet me. I like the Royal League of Kindness and would like to join.

AGNES B. COOK.

——, ——.

Dear Editor,—I am writing to the 'Messenger' for the first time. I have one sister and one brother younger than I am. We cross the Rideau River to go to school. We have a Sunday School at home and I have learned the Primer Catechism all off, and twenty-five questions in the Shorter Catechism. My sister and brother have learned about half of the Primer. Mamma asks questions in the Sunday School lessons and we get along very well. We live on a farm near Rideau View.

CECIL.

B., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live in a pretty valley on the Magaguadavic River. We have a colt named Harry. We have quite a large school here. Quite a number of people come here for the hunting season. My papa shot a large moose last fall; its antlers had a spread of over fifty inches. I joined a 'Pansy Blossom' club with Janie L., and was pleased to receive your pretty Pansy picture. Papa said he would get it framed for me sometime.

GLADYS DAVIS.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Turkeys.' Jennie A. Markell (age 13), S. L., Ont.
2. 'Deer.' A. Wingrove (age 14), E. S., P. Que.
3. 'Our Public School.' Clare Dowsett, P., Ont.
4. 'A Cow.' Addie L. Sheffield (age 10), C., Ont.
5. 'School House.' Alberta Curran, C. H., P. Que.
6. 'Ready for the Party.' Bessie Cook (age 15), J. P., Ont.
7. 'A Rabbit.' William J. Hagen (age 12), Ottawa.
8. 'S.S. Robie M.' Raymond Taylor, P. B., N.S.
9. 'Pansies.' D. Pearce, B., Ont.
10. 'Spearing Smelts in Winter.' Alexander S. Murray (age 14), E., N.S.

WATER-WINGS.

Pleasure and profit for all who live near the water. More popular than ever—made of stout cotton, can be carried in the pocket, yet with a moment's blowing up will support a very heavy person in the water, enabling them very quickly to learn to swim. If you can swim already, there's heaps of fun waiting for you in a pair of waterwings. Sell EIGHT COPIES of the 'Canadian Pictorial' at 10 CENTS EACH, send us the money, and you get the wings at once. Write us for a package to-day.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Block, Montreal.
Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Sissy Porter.

A long line of boys sat on the bridge fishing, among them Will, better known as 'Sissy' Porter. He was called Sissy, not that there was anything effeminate about him, but because he never could be made to lose his temper enough to show it. Next to him sat Joe Baldwin, whose fiery outbursts of temper were always causing trouble.

The fish were biting well, and when bait grew scarce there was trouble between Joe and Sam Green over some that lay between them. Before anyone could interfere there was a splash, and Sam was in the water. He was a good swimmer, but to the surprise and horror of the boys he failed to come to the surface.

'Some of you get a boat; he's caught,' said Sissy, taking off his coat and boots.

Then, standing where Sam had sat, he gave a leap, and he too disappeared from view. Joe shivered and shook, while every second seemed an eternity. Would either of them ever be seen again?

There was a shout! Sissy had come to the surface, and—yes, that was Sam; but how limp and lifeless he looked! Was he dead? He seemed to be when they laid him on the beach; but he was brought to consciousness in time, and by night was all right, while Joe was ill; seriously so, the doctor feared.

Sissy, having gained permission to help nurse him, sat down by him and said, 'I think I know what the trouble is, Joe, and I mean to help you cure yourself.'

'O Sissy,' said Joe, 'I did not mean to, but if it had not been for you I should be a murderer. I had better die now, for I might be one some day if I live.'

'I felt so once,' was Sissy's reply.

'You!' Joe sat up in bed and said, 'Tell me about it.'

'That's why I came. I have often thought I would like to'; and Sissy told how he too by nature had a violent temper and had once come near injuring his own sister. He had gone through what Joe was feeling, and had reasoned the matter out till he came to the point where he realized that in giving way to his temper he was lowering himself to the level of the brute.

'Don't you see,' he said, 'that every time we give way to temper or evil passions we deface the image of God in our souls? It is a struggle at first to conquer self, but when you do, you begin to have a horror of defacing the image.'

'O, you give me hope, you give me hope!' cried Joe, who soon fell asleep.

Before long Sissy was known as William the Conqueror, while more than one boy was led to think seriously of his idea of 'defacing the image.'—'Classmate.'

A Strange Night Bird.

(Miss Margaret W. Leighton, in the 'Sunday-School Messenger.')

See that lichen-covered knot on the old hemlock log there by the brook? Step right up closer. Look! This is truly a wonderful knot, with two bright eyes, a pair of wings, and a long tail. Who would have thought that a bird could so closely resemble a cluster of lichens? Its plumage seems to be woven of darkness and light, soft grayish and brownish light, such as one sees here and there in the deep woods. How perfectly Nature has adapted the dress of this child of the twilight to his surroundings! Unlike the birds of daylight, he stretches himself lengthwise on the log when he is at rest, and looks so much like the bark that it takes sharp eyes to distinguish him from it.

As twilight deepens into night his clear, sweet 'whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will' sounds across the swamp. All day he has dozed on the log, but now it is time to be up and doing. The mosquitoes and gnats are out enjoying the warm night air, the beetles are booming clumsily along, and the night moths, emerging from their snug winter cradles, are shaking out their crumpled wings. Rich indeed is the feast spread for him who cares to partake.

'Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,' comes an answering cry over the brook, and the ardent suitor hastens to join his lady love. Together they dart through the darkening air, hither and thither, catching now a fly, a gnat, a flat-bodied moth, or a lumbering beetle. They fly always in perfect silence, as befits the children or darkness. As they alight each utters its weird call, which is taken up by other whip-poor-wills far and near, till the woods and the swamps ring with their cries.

Before daybreak, when night is imperceptibly waning and morning drawing nearer, and the whip-poor-wills have fed abundantly, they are ready for play. They gather in some spot, perhaps the middle of the road, where the dust is thick and dry, for a frolic. Each buries himself and flutters the dust with wings and tail. Up he springs, shakes himself, calls to his companions, and capers about in an abandonment of joy.

By sunrise every one of these strange creatures has turned himself into a mossy stick, a lichen-covered knot, or a bit of flecked bark, to sleep till another sunset.

Madam Whip-poor-will is the most careless of housekeepers. She provides no cradle for her little ones, but trusts wholly to her protective coloring to shield them from their enemies. As you wander through the upland pasture on some fair June day you may chance upon Madam Whip-poor-will, crouching on her stony nest. She will allow you to come very close before she flies up, hoping always that your eyes will not be sharp enough to pierce her disguise, to distinguish her from the bare gray rock on which she is resting. But at last she knows you have discovered her. She flutters about on the ground with drooping wings, trying to make you believe she is injured, in order to lure you from her two precious eggs, white, spotted with lavender and brown, which lie in a little depression on the bare rock. Unable to draw your attention to herself, she flies still farther away, making a harsh sound, which is evidently an alarm call to her mate, who soon appears, circling far above your head and uttering the same harsh cry. Now and then he swoops swiftly downward, as if he would attack you; but, his courage failing before he reaches you, up he mounts again.

Little whip-poor-wills, unlike most baby birds, are not featherless when they leave the egg, but are covered with a warm coat of gray and yellow down. Their mouths are even more enormous in proportion than those of most young birds, and their mother and father must indeed work busily to keep them filled. They start in the late afternoon, skim over the fields and brook, catch their beaks full of flies, mosquitoes, and other small, soft-bodied insects suitable for a baby's supper, then home they dart and pass out the dainties, one by one, to the hungry children.

'On the hill
The sunset's rose is dying,
And the whip-poor-will is crying,
"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will;"
Soft, now shrill,
The whip-poor-will is crying,
"Whip-poor-will."'

—The 'Visitor.'

A Fortunate Discharge.

(John T. Faris, in the 'Christian Union Herald.')

When Ellis Buford read the announcement that John Hall, who had been to the Grand Central Business College, would 'teach the principles of shorthand to a select class for the small amount of five dollars per member,' he thought he saw the way to the solution of a difficulty.

He was in the last year at the Walnut Hills high school. In September he was to go to work in order that his sister Ellen, who had for the last two years helped to make the family living, might be free to take the year of normal training she still needed before she could begin teaching. On the death of their father they had agreed to this arrangement. Ellen's part would be fulfilled when he graduated; his part was to follow.

He had been wondering where he was to secure a situation. He had applied to Norcross & Bentley, but they said the next man they employed must be a stenographer. As he knew nothing of shorthand, and as even one term at business college was out of the question, he was disturbed. Yet, somehow, he must find work; Ellen must not be disappointed. For a week or two he turned over various plans in his mind, but he saw no light.

Then his attention was called to John Hall's announcement. This promised just the help he needed. But—five dollars! Where was he to raise such a sum? With difficulty he had secured enough to buy clothes and books for the winter. He could borrow the amount, of course. But what if the investment should prove useless? He would be in debt—a small debt, to be sure, but a debt, just the same; and he would be no nearer a position than before.

When, however, he finally made up his mind that he must have the lessons, the money was not borrowed but earned by giving up the evenings and Saturdays of two weeks to help during inventory-taking at Norcross & Bentley's. So he felt safe in entering his name as a member of the shorthand class.

'If I don't make it go, there will be nothing lost,' he thought. 'But I "will" make it go!' he added with determination.

He laughed at himself when he took his first lesson. The simplicity of consonant strokes and vowel points surprised him, and he wondered that so many thought shorthand difficult. He saw himself safely and easily placed in a good position,—until he took his second lesson. Then difficulties began. It was easier to write his notes than to read them; and when, a little later he found that he was expected to forget about vowel points, and to unlearn much that he had already learned in order to equip himself for facility in word signs and phrase-making, he was discouraged.

He was about ready to give up when John Hall announced that the five-dollar course was completed. 'I have given you the principles,' he said. 'On this foundation any of you can go ahead and, by faithful practice, become proficient stenographers.'

Most of the class gave up right then. It had been hard enough to maintain their interest when they were in almost daily touch with their teacher; now that he was going to the next town to teach another class their further progress seemed out of the question. Ellis felt as his classmates did, until he realized that, even if they felt they could afford to give up, he could not. His promise to Ellen must be kept; and he would become a stenographer.

Through the spring months he practiced faithfully. There were days when he could give but a few minutes to his note-books, because his regular lessons took most of his time; but there were other days when he was able to devote from one to three hours to his 'scribbling,' as Ellen laughingly called it. She had not much faith in his success. 'If my graduation from the Normal depends on your shorthand, I guess my diploma will never be signed,' she said, rather cruelly, Ellis thought. And he was all the more determined to succeed.

When school closed, and he had the long summer days at his disposal, it was easier. It was his habit to work all morning over his notes, then to take the afternoon for recreation, except so much of it as was needed for helping about home. In the evening he gave two hours more to study. Still more rapid progress was made when he arranged with Tom Monroe to read to him an hour each morning while he wrote. In return for this service he gladly gave his help to his friend in doing up the morning chores.

With the coming of September he found he had acquired a fair speed, and was reasonably accurate. Then he went to Norcross & Bentley's and offered his services. When he learned there was no vacancy there, he sought the Adams Implement Co., only to be disappointed again. But he soon learned that disappointments were to be expected. Twenty times he was denied work before he finally secured a position.

And it was not what at the beginning of his search, he would have called a good position. The pay was only ten dollars a week. He was to assist in keeping books and do a number of things not ordinarily included in the work of a stenographer. Then the firm did not have the highest standing in the city; the Elberon Desk Company's methods had not been such as to commend them to other houses.

'Yet, as it seems to be the Elberon Desk Company or nothing, I must go on its pay-

—Sunday Reading for the Young.'

roll,' Ellis thought. And he made a wry face as he recalled those he had seen in the office, his future associates. No one thought it a privilege to be an employee of this house; so the mere appearance of those who were there was against them.

'I mustn't stay here long enough to look like them,' he decided. 'But there seems to be no choice but go there till something better offers.'

So he began work the week before his sister's school opened. It was hard to persuade her that it was wise to give up her own employment till he should prove himself able to retain his position, and thus take her place in the partial support of their mother. The arguments of mother and son finally prevailed on her, however, and she began her last year of training. But not until she said:

'Remember, I am ready to take up my old work at any time, Ellis. It may be you will find it impossible to make ends meet.'

She meant it kindly, of course; but her words hurt. Ellis determined that he would suffer anything before he would tell her he could not fulfill his part of the contract made when their father died.

He soon found that conditions in the Elberon Desk Company's office were trying. Not only were the other employees uncongenial, twitting him because he quietly attended to his own affairs and was silent when, by their own uncouth language, they tempted him to careless speech, but slights were put on him by Mr. Marshall, the office manager. He was treated more like an office boy than a stenographer. The tasks of others were given to him; it was often eight o'clock before he could go home, in consequence of the insolent demands of one and another of the men who seemed to have Mr. Marshall's favor.

All this, Ellis decided, could be borne, so long as his sister was thus given her longed-for school privileges. But when he was asked to do things that were contrary to the ideas of right and wrong he had learned in his home, it was a different matter. One morning, when a complaint came from a disappointed customer that a desk promised for delivery a week before had not been heard from, Mr. Marshall told Ellis to mail the customer a copy of a telegram sent, according to the letter-book, ten days earlier, in which it was stated that the promise could not be kept because of a strike in the factory. Ellis knew there had been no strike, and he could find no record of any such telegram.

'I have looked in the letter-book, Mr. Marshall, and I cannot find that we sent the message of which you speak,' he said. 'Are you sure of the date?'

'Of course you can find no record of it,' was the contemptuous reply. 'But you can write what I tell you, can't you? What do we pay you for?'

Ellis wrote the letter. But now that his eyes were opened to what was meant by the complaints made of his employers' untrustworthy business methods, he determined that he must find other work. The Elberon Desk Company's office was not the place for a Christian stenographer.

He did not think it wise to give up his position until a new place was secured; but he was sure that, before long he would be able to turn his back on the uncomfortable office. He was doomed to disappointment. His search for work, conducted at the noon hour, and the evenings when this was possible, was without result. No one wanted a stenographer. It was now late in October, and everywhere he went he found that arrangements for the winter had been made.

He had about made up his mind that he must content himself where he was until spring, when he was asked to tell a lie in his own name. The letter was dictated by Mr. Mitchell, and he was told to sign it. Expostulation was useless.

'Sign the letter, or give up your place!' was the inexorable demand of his employer. 'It's now five o'clock; you can have till to-morrow morning to think it over.'

He did think as he walked home, and he could see but one course for him; he must resign; he could not lie at the command of any man. He had about made up his mind to this when he reached home. There he found a letter from Ellen with this paragraph for him:

'I am proud of Ellis. How well he is filling the place of bread-winner for the family! I see I was wrong in thinking he couldn't do the work. Now, dismissing all doubt, I am preparing for a year of earnest study.'

How could he resign after that message? Suppose he should fail to secure other work? Then Ellen would have to give up her school, and he would be disgraced.

After dinner, feeling that he must talk to some one about his problem, he went out. He felt he could not talk to his mother, though it had been his habit to go to her in every difficulty. This concerned her too deeply, and he was sure her advice would be given against her own interest.

So he sought Tom Monroe. To him he told the whole story. When he had finished, Tom said:

'I don't think there is any doubt about what you ought to do. It isn't pleasant to work at the Elberon, but it would be awfully hard to bring Ellen home from school after the effort you have made to get her there. I think it is one of the cases where, of two evils, one should choose the least.'

Ellis was surprised. He had expected other counsel. He told Tom his reasons for feeling it was not best to follow his advice. For fifteen minutes he argued, until, finally, his chum was convinced, and his own convictions of what was right were strengthened. At last, as he rose to go, he said:

'Well, old fellow, I'll do it. At nine to-morrow morning I'll tell Mr. Mitchell I cannot do as he tells me about that letter. I know the result. At five minutes past nine I'll be on the street, looking for work.'

In the morning he was tempted to reconsider his decision. But the sight of his mother's calm, peaceful face, and her look of pride in him as she bade him good-by, strengthened his purpose.

'A fellow can't go far wrong when he feels his mother's eyes on him; that is, if his mother is anything like mine,' he thought.

The interview in the office was brief, Mr. Mitchell eyed him sternly as he walked to his desk.

'That letter must go out by the first mail, Buford,' he said. 'Hurry it up.'

'Mr. Mitchell, I have not changed my mind. I cannot write that letter.'

'O-o-h! you can't, eh? Well, you can hunt for a job, then. And a nice time you'll have of it, without a recommendation.'

Ellis felt very unheroic as he walked out of the store. Where should he look for work? He had already applied at every likely place.

He was walking down the street, his eyes on the pavement, when a man overtook him, and spoke to him. Looking up, he recognized Mr. Norcross, of Norcross & Bentley.

'Mr. Buford, I believe? You were in our office not long ago, were you not? Well, if you still wish employment, perhaps you will care to report to Mr. Davis for duty.'

'But, Mr. Norcross,' the surprised Ellis answered, 'Mr. Davis will ask me for a recommendation; and I have none to offer.'

'I've explained to Mr. Davis,' Mr. Norcross replied, smiling. 'He expects you this morning. I've told him about a little discussion you and Tom Monroe had last night. I was in the next room with Mr. Monroe at the time. You were talking so loud I could not help hearing; and I am glad I did hear. You told me what time to watch for you as you came out of your former employer's door.'

'Good old Ellen!' was Ellis' thankful thought. 'She won't have to leave school, after all!'

The most momentous truth of religion is that Christ is in the Christian.—Henry Drummond.

Rover's Chickens.

A True Story.

He was a beautiful big, brown collie dog, his master was a Scotch farmer. There were a lot of sheep on the farm, and it was Rover's duty to take care of them. In the morning, when they were let out of the folds, he would drive them up to the hill pasture, and there he would stay all day, careful that none should wander and be lost on the mountains.

ROVER.

Then, at night, he would gather them together and take them safely home again.

Sometimes in the winter when the snow was very deep, a little lamb would wander off and perhaps fall into a ditch. Then Rover would go to the house and bark until one of the men came with him to lift the lamb out and carry it home.

One day in the early spring, when Rover was about four years old, the farmer and his family packed up all their clothes and furniture, and went away in a big ship to a new farm in Canada.

Rover thought it was very nice, indeed, there were such a lot of funny new animals to hunt, but after a time he got tired of the squirrels and chipmunks, and began to want something to do, for though the farmer had brought over his horses and cows, there were no sheep for Rover to look after.

That summer, Rover's master bought a lot of hens, and when Rover saw them, he forgot all his troubles.

They weren't quite as interesting as sheep, certainly, and they would get up before it was light in the morning, but it was great fun, driving a flock of hens about, keeping them out of the garden and frightening the hawks away from the chickens. He knew where all the nests were, too, and soon learnt how to carry home an egg in his mouth without breaking it, which I think was very clever, don't you?

His master says that he never loses any hens and chickens, and he thinks that Rover really likes chickens better than sheep, now!

—H. K.

'Keep Books With the Lord.'

Robert G. Mitchell's Way of Giving to the Church.

'The only way for a man to deal honestly with the Lord is to keep books with Him. We owe Him 10 percent of what we make, and in order to pay the obligation we have to set it down in black and white. It won't do to guess about it.'

Robert G. Mitchell, United States Commissioner, who died in St. Louis the other day, was the organizer and leading spirit of the Tenth Legion, composed of members of the Rollins Street Presbyterian Church who had pledged themselves to 'keep books with the Lord.' Some people didn't like the idea; said it looked niggardly to charge the amounts given; that the really generous soul would freely give and freely forget.

'Yes, that's the way I used to look at it,' said Mr. Mitchell once when discussing the subject, 'but I noticed that most of us free givers were spasmodic givers. When we were flush we would give a pretty good sum—put a dime in the basket every Sunday and bask in our own complacent conscience. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred when the periodic giver comes to foot up at the end of the year he is surprised to discover that what he has given doesn't come any way near one-tenth of his income.'

Mr. Mitchell was almost a crank on the tithing subject. He wanted every member of the church to keep an account of his giving. Better do that than to hold back what belonged to the Lord.

For twenty years Mr. Mitchell found time to lead the choir and to teach a large Bible class. He was uncompromisingly opposed to raising church revenue by socials, bazaars, concerts and the like, insisting that if every member would loyally give his tithe the church would have more than enough money.

It was largely due to the Tenth Legion's work that a new $25,000 church was recently completed and that within five years a fund of $30,000 was raised for the enterprises of the national church.

'It's a shame that appeals have to be sent out to church people to do their duty,' remarked Mr. Mitchell. 'If every professed Christian would pay his tenth there would be more than enough money to meet all demands of home and foreign work and a large sum constantly pouring into the treasury of the church. There should be no such office as a collector of the Lord's dues.'

'But suppose a man is in such dire straits that he can't spare a tenth of his income?' was asked.

'Let him try it, and when he comes to me and says his family has suffered because of that tenth I will abandon my position. Now, I want you people,' Mr. Mitchell said to his class one Sunday, 'to make me an honest report of what it has cost you to give your tithe, and if but one of you informs me that it has worked a deprivation, has taken from your home comforts you otherwise would have enjoyed, then I will amend my philosophy.

'The very act of giving the Lord His dues makes a better man or woman of you and increases your earning capacity. For nearly twenty years I have followed this tithing principle, and my income has steadily increased.

'Here's the point: That 10 percent is the Lord's. It's not a gift we make. Don't flatter yourselves in that. You don't begin to give until you exceed what He demands as His rights. Don't forget that.'

When asked how one should reckon his income, whether in gross or after deducting expenses, the tithing advocate replied: 'That is with your conscience.' His own invariable rule was when he received a fee for legal services, to divide equally with his partner, and then to place in bank to the church's credit one-tenth of his half. It was not always necessarily the church that got the tenth; any expenditure that seemed to be along the lines of extending the Gospel, relieving the suffering, etc., was entered as used in behalf of the principle.

The experience of the Tenth Legion has been that some rich men are harder to interest than poorer persons. When approached they would say:

'When you need any money, brother, just come around to me and I'll help you out, but to keep books like you people do would force me to employ a secretary. Really, I couldn't do that.'

Sometimes the tither's envelopes contain bills, silver and cents, showing the tither had figured the Lord's amount down to a cent. Generally even money is given. On one occasion when Mr. Mitchell was talking on the subject to some college students one of them arose and presented this case:

'There was a small family consisting of a man, his wife and three little children. The man was a laborer, making $12 a week. House rent, fuel, provisions and clothing cost him $10 a week. Two of the children became sick, requiring the daily attendance of a physician, and the use of medicine. The doctor charged $1 a visit and the medicine cost $3 a week. Would the Lord want 10 percent of that man's wage?'

'There's nothing in the Bible that says He would,' promptly answered the advocate. 'It says "lay by as the Lord hath prospered you." But if I had been that man I would have given my tithe, just the same, and risked my babies dying or going hungry. When I had done my part it would be up to me to look up to Him to look after me, and He would not forget. If a man wants to dodge his tithe he can figure out a loss on income almost any month.'

Mr. Mitchell would not go to the post office on Sunday for his mail and never took a journey on Sunday if he could avoid it. In presenting a case to a jury he always found some Scriptural application, and had nearly every important verse of the two Testaments within easy reach of his memory.—The 'Sun.'

A Modern Hero.

'Here, boy; "Sun and Telegram"!'

'Yessur; but jest you buy 'em offen de little feller, will yer? He's too plumb skeered ter holler papes fer hisself!'

'Well, now, this beat all! I thought newsboys always worked against each other. Or he's your brother, perhaps?'

'Nope; but his dad's jest skipped, an' so he's hed ter git out on de street an' hustle fer a livin'! Wot! No change outen a quarter? Thanky-sir! Aw, now, kiddie, see de piece o' luck yer got right off! Now pitch in an' holler, an' work dis yer corner fer all it's wirt; it's a prime place!'

'Evenin' Sun; Woruld; Tellygram, sir?'

—Selected.

BOYS! A CHANCE TO PROFIT

THE PRIZE WINNERS AND A NEW COMPETITION

A new set of prizes for the best sales of the 'Canadian Pictorial' during July, August, September and October months are to be given. Particulars later. Suffice it here to say, the prizes will be generous. Get to work NOW. Lose no time at the start. Sell all you can in July, and it gives you a good foundation. The June Number was very greatly admired. The July Number is just as good, but quite different. Splendid value at 10 cents.

Boys who live where summer visitors come and go, or boys who themselves go to summer resorts, can make good profits in the summer, too, with but little extra trouble. Don't forget that one new subscription at $1.00 counts as ten sold.

Prize Winners in the last Competition, for Biggest Sales in April, May and June.

CITY DIVISION—First prize, Muriel Eggleton, Hamilton; second prize, Geo. Kennedy, Ottawa.

TOWN DIVISION—First prize, Willie Baker, Man.; second prize, Gerald Black, N.S.

COUNTRY DIVISION—First prize, H. Baird Cairns, Sask.; second prize, Harold McAdie, Ont.

The last two boys really led the lists, though Baird lives in a place of only 1,000 inhabitants, and Harold of 700. Baird is only about nine years (his picture was in June 'Pictorial'), and Harold is about 14 years old. They won prizes worth $4.00 and $3.00 each OVER and ABOVE all cash profits of premiums they secured by their sales. The prizes were a choice of a Fine Football, a Fishing Rod and Tackle, a Baseball Outfit, a Camera, a Watch, or a Cash Prize.

YOU want your share in these good things—and YOU can have them. Send us your name and address, and let us tell you all about it and send you a package to start your sales on.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—Don't forget those "Waterwings"—our new summer premium—for selling only 8 'Pictorials' at 10 cents. Will support a heavy person in the water. Marvellous help in learning to swim, as well as the greatest fun for all.

LITTLE FOLKS

First Lesson.

(M. S. Humphreyville, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Priscilla went to school this week
  She's only five, you know,
And for a very little girl,
  She has not much to show.
The teacher gave her picture-books,
  With cats and mice and birds;
She thought she knew them all by heart,
  But oh, those horrid words!
She saw a big red cube
  Along with yellow blocks;
She spelled out cube, but said it was
  'A little baby box.'
A frisky lamb was a speckled calf,
  The hammer was a hatchet.
Whenever she was in much doubt,
  She took a word to match it.
The spade she knew was a little hoe,
  The brook looked like a sea,
And every colored picture there
  Was as queer as queer could be.
Next day she would not go at all,
  And I heard Priscilla say,
'School may be nice for grown-up folks,
  But I'd much rather play.'

Wise Old Henry.

Henry was good and kind, so of course everyone loved him. The children fed him sugar and apples, and he loved them for it. His stall in the stable was a place of beauty.

'Henry likes pretty things,' the children would say. And so his stall was trimmed with flags and bunting and in the summer Henry had fresh leaves and flowers to decorate his stall. To be sure he thought they were to eat, but the children did not care for that.

Henry often wore a wreath of dandelions, or a daisy chain, and he felt quite proud. He never tried to destroy them, but would hold quite still while the children put the flowers on him.

Then how patient he was when Bessie and Bennie and Earl and Nettie all rode him at once. He seemed to be able to count, for you see there were four of them, and Henry never started until all four were on, and then how he seemed to enjoy the fun. But he always went very easy with them. He know they must not fall off.

But one day Henry was not able to walk. One foot hung useless, and all the children cried.

Poor Henry! He looked at them all so pitifully, as if asking for help. But papa could not tell what was the matter with him.

'To-morrow I will have a doctor come to look at him,' said papa. 'But I will put him in the pasture by the road where the grass is good.'

So all the children followed while papa led Henry very slowly to the pasture. He limped along on his lame foot, and showed that it hurt him greatly.

After dinner the children went out to the pasture to take him some sugar. But Henry was gone! He had pushed down a part of the fence and was gone. Henry had never been known to break down a fence before. Where had he gone?

Papa and Bennie started to hunt

him. They tracked him in the mud down the road toward the town which was only a little way off.

As they went into town, they saw a crowd of men at the blacksmith shop. Papa and Bennie went up to see what was the matter.

And there in the blacksmith shop stood Henry, holding his lame foot up for the blacksmith to look at.

'Why, Henry,' said papa, 'what are you doing here?'

Henry looked around, but still held up his foot.

'I guess he knows what's needed,' said the blacksmith, as he carefully looked at the horse's foot.

'Yes, yes! Just look here!' and the blacksmith pulled a nail from Henry's hoof. 'That's the smartest horse I ever saw,' said the blacksmith, and papa laughed and patted Henry, who understood all about it.—Selected.

Whoops.

(Edmund Vance Cooke, in the 'Circle.')

Somewhere, where I been a-snoopin',
Papa says, they had the whoopin'-
  Cough.
That's the reason how I got it,
But I don't know who I caught it
  Off.

Papa says, but he's just funnin',
If 'I' caught 'em, Whoops was runnin'
  Slow,
Or, he says, perhaps I met 'em
An' he asks why don't I let 'em
  Go!

Seems to me Whoops did the chasin',
An' they go to beat a racin'-
  Track.
Wish I knew who made me ketch 'em,
An' you bet I'd go an fetch 'em
  Back.

Anyway, we got a card cut
On the house an' kids are barred out
  Now.
Wish they'd let in Tom an' Benny,
But 'they' got to go to school, yet, any-
  How.

They aint had 'em, but they'd ought to,
So's us three could have a lot o'
  Fun.
But their ma's afraid they'll take 'em,
An' you ought to see me make 'em
  Run!

Dan's had only mumps, an' Tom an'
Benny never had but common
  Croup.
Shucks! They better not come near
  'me'—
Wait a minute till you 'hear me'
  Whoop!

When Mother Went Away.

(S. E. Winfield, in the 'Child's Hour.')

The big ocean liner was getting ready for sea. All day heavy drays and teams loaded with trunks and other baggage had rushed down onto the pier, and the tall derricks had swung the freight into the hold, where waiting arms and hands had seized upon it and stowed it away safely for the long voyage. The forward part was full of chattering emigrants, most of them Italians, going back to Italy, while their friends crowded the end of the wharf, not being allowed on board the boat. Aft were the first cabin passengers and their friends passing back and forth through the handsome saloon on an eager hunt for staterooms, or once having found the room, trying to settle things there a bit and saying last words at the same time.

Flowers were everywhere, on the saloon tables, in the staterooms, and loading the waiting people. Some people were crying, others were laughing, some were doing nothing but holding hands and looking farewells which could not seem to be put into words. For after all it is a serious thing to steam out onto that boundless sea and be lost to two continents for seven or eight days.

In the midst of it all, one small girl was crying as if her heart would break. It was Pollie, tucked away in the couch in the stateroom which mamma was going to have and which Pollie was not going to share. She had been overlooked for a few moments and then there was a hunt for her and when she was found mamma gathered her into her arms for a last talk.

'Now, dearie,' you mustn't cry like

that. Mamma must go away, it is best for her to go. The doctor says so, and he knows best, and while, for many reasons, she does not want to go, she is making the best of it.

'You are going to Aunt Helen's and you will have a beautiful time with her chickens, and dogs, and kittens.

'Then mamma is going to send you things while she is gone, things which you would never see or get if she stayed right with you all the time. Beautiful post cards and letters so that you will know that she is thinking about you all the time. And then she will bring you some beautiful things when she comes home. Now promise me that you will not cry, and will be a good girl to Aunt Helen because Auntie isn't very much used to little girls and it will be hard for her.'

Pollie promised, and with a last long close hug she let mamma go, and taking Aunt Helen's hand trotted down the gangplank to the shore.

The great boat gave a long, hoarse whistle, the chains were thrown into the wharf and it began to slip forward.

Pollie fixed her eyes on her mother's face, way up in the air, as she leaned upon the rail. The dear face grew fainter and fainter as the vessel slid farther away, and suddenly it seemed gone, as the distance hid it. But she saw it still in her mind and she tried to be brave and think only of the time when she should see it again.

Hazel's Story.

(Emma C. Dowd, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

When the bell rang Stanley was studying hard. He stopped to listen as mamma opened the front door. It was one of the church ladies, who had come to plan with mamma about a missionary box. So Stanley went right on with:

'B-a-m, bam, b-o-o, boo, bamboo; b-a-m, bam, b-o-o-s, boos, bamboos; e-c-h, ech, o-e-s, oes, echoes.'

He shut his book. He was sure of every word now, and mamma said that he might go out to play ball as soon as his lesson was learned. He ran upstairs to get his ball.

As he passed mamma's room, he saw that his little sister Hazel had waked from her nap.

'Tanney! Tanney! Tum back!' she cried.

'O dear!' Stanley said to himself. 'Whatever made her wake up just now! I'll keep still, and perhaps she'll go to sleep again.'

'Tanney! Tum back!' The little voice was very pleading; but Stanley did want to go and play ball. He had earned his play hour, and he did not like to give it up.

'P'ease, Tanney, tum back!'

This was too much for the little brother's loving heart to withstand, and in a moment he was lifting Hazel from her crib.

'Tell 'tory!' baby commanded. 'Tell 'tory!' persisted the little one.

'Well,' said Stanley, 'what shall I tell you a story about?'

''Bout doggy.'

'Well, once there was a doggy—'

'G'eat, big b'ack doggy,' put in Hazel.

'Yes, a great, big black doggy,' agreed Stanley, 'and every morning he went—'

'An' dot 'e paper,' interrupted Hazel.

'Yes, he got the paper at the corner store and brought it home to—'

'In he mouf!' cried Hazel.

Stanley laughed. 'You tell me the story.'

'No, tell 'tory!' pleaded the little one.

'Well, he brought the paper home in his mouth to his master—'

'An' he take 'e paper out he mouf, an' he pat doggy's head, an' he say, "Dood doggy!" Nen doggy lie down on p'azza, an' do s'eep; an'—'at's all.'

Stanley was not through laughing when mamma came up-stairs.

'Why, I supposed you were out playing, and that baby was aleep,' mamma said.

'No, no!' cried Hazel, decidedly. 'Tanney tell 'tory!'

'Now go to your ball-game,' mamma said. There's Herbert coming for you, and you may play till six o'clock.'

The Lion and the Bulls.

Or, When Friends Quarrel Foes Profit.

Three Bulls fed in a field together in the greatest peace and friendship. A Lion had long watched them in the

hope of making prize of them, but found that there was little chance for him so long as they kept all together.

He therefore began secretly to spread evil and false reports of one against the

other, till he had got up a jealousy and distrust amongst them. No sooner did the Lion see that they avoided one an-

other, and fed each by himself apart, than he fell upon them singly, and so made an easy prey of them all.

—From 'Æsop's Fables.'

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Temperance

A Stainless Flag.

The cry rings out o'er all the land to-day,
No more let greed and vice on manhood prey!
Oh, let our name for truth and honor stand,
The land of justice, of the helping hand;
No more let sordid greed the laws control,
Nor vice, unstayed, degrade the nation's soul.

The emblem of a noble nation's life,
True sign of power that hushes war and strife,
Give us a stainless flag, men of the nation;
Drive out the greed for gain,
Let rum no longer reign; strive that our land obtain
A stainless flag.

—Selected.

House Building.

John Robb was trying to vindicate his beer drinking to his old chum. They had met after an absence of years, and were discussing their history. John Robb's friend was a good temperance worker in the city where he lived, and was trying to advise John to be the same, but John liked his beer.

'Depend upon it,' said he, 'there is nothing like beer for a weary man. When I get a glass or two I feel so strong I could knock down a house.'

'Well,' said his friend, 'by doing without beer, I have been able to build two houses, and I think that's better than knocking them down.'—Selected.

Led by Curses.

(L. A. Banks, in the 'C. E. World.')

I came home one evening to find awaiting me in the parlor a young man. He had been waiting for some time, and was evidently in great distress of mind.

As soon as I had spoken to him, he said: 'I do not believe you often have men come to you who have been sent as I have. I am the only son of my mother, who is a widow. I am all her support, and her whole life is wrapped up in me. I am secretry of a political club, and have been under many temptations, and have got to drinking. I have been taken home drunk several times, and it is breaking my mother's heart. To-day some of the men about the club were cursing you for some things you said about the temperance question yesterday, and, somehow, the more they cursed the more I thought you would take an interest in me and try to help me. What can I do? I have promised myself to quit again and again, but I do not seem strong enough to hold to my purpose.'

I said, 'My dear fellow, have you tried giving your heart to God, and asking him, for Christ's sake, to help you not only to quit this sin but every other sin?'

'No,' he replied.

I urged upon him that this was the only sure remedy, and after I had talked with him a few minutes he declared his willingness to surrender to the Lord. We knelt, and prayed together. The next day he joined the church, where he is now a strong and splendid helper. This case is an illustration of how sometimes 'the wrath of man' is made to praise God.

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Artistic merit will, of course, be considered, but the general interest of the photograph will be the chief factor in the contest.

There will be seven prizes as follows: 1st, $10.00; 2nd, $7.00, 3rd, $4.00; and the next four, $1.00 each.

Send prints, which need not be mounted, as early as possible, securely protected by cardboard, and enclose a slip with a full description of the subject of the photo graph.

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142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Liquor and Labor.

If a laboring man buys $100 worth of boots and shoes, he buys $20.71 of labor.

In buying $100 worth of furniture he buys $23.77 of labor.

In every $100 worth of hardware he buys $24.17 of labor.

In every $100 worth of clothing he buys $17.42 of labor.

In every $100 worth of cotton goods he buys $16.91 of labor.

In every $100 worth of men's furnishing goods he buys $18.34 of labor.

In every $100 worth of worsted goods he buys $13.55 of labor.

In every $100 worth of woollen goods he buys $12.86 of labor.

In every $100 worth of liquors he buys $1.23 of labor.

If eight laboring men spend $800 for furniture, hardware, clothing, cotton, worsted and woollen goods and men's furnishing goods, they contribute $147.43 to labor and at the same time that they bring valuable supplies to their families they stimulate business and add to the demand for labor.

If the $800 is spent in the saloon only $0.84 goes for labor, the families are made wretched, and the men themselves are made worse physically, financially and morally, their jobs are imperilled and they have wasted their money. Liquor is labor's worst enemy.—Selected.

Effects of Alcohol on the Body.

Sixty percent of drinkers are 'social drinkers,' who will not take a drink when alone once a month, but on account of their surroundings and friends have developed a habit of taking two or more drinks a day. Forty percent drink because they like it and are on a straight down hill road for delirium tremens with all its fatal complications. If the 'social drinkers' could see some of the hundreds of autopsies held on persons who have died of alcoholism—see the congested brain, inflamed, bleeding stomach of gastric catarrh, the heart, liver, kidneys, undergoing fatty degeneration, where the once firm tissues are now soft and flabby, and the secondary changes of cirrhosis (an increase of the connective tissue of an organ), which replaces the vital cells necessary for their proper functions; the changes in the walls of the arteries and of the nerves and spinal cord—they would be satisfied with pure water the rest of their lives.—'Advance.'

..HOUSEHOLD..

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

The home dressmaker should keep a little catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

2820.—Ladies' nine-gored skirt, closing with buttons at each side. — Specially designed for laundering. Seven sizes—22 to 34 waist. Width of lower edge in medium size, about 3¼ yards; for 26 waist, the skirt requires 7½ yards 20 inches wide, 4¼ yards 36 inches wide, 3¾ yards 42 inches wide, or 2¾ yards 54 inches wide.

2816.—Ladies' seven-gored skirt, closing at left side and having habit back.—Six sizes—22 to 32 waist. Width of lower edge in medium size, about 3¾ yards; for 26 waist, the skirt requires 5 yards 36 inches wide, or 3⅜ yards 54 inches wide.

1556.—Girls' dress, with or without body lining.—Four sizes—6 to 12 years. For a girl of 10 years, the dress needs 6½ yards of material 20 inches wide, or 3½ yards 36 inches wide, or 3⅛ yards 42 inches wide; as illustrated, ⅝ yard of contrasting material 20 inches wide is needed for shield, collar and cuffs, and 5 yards of braid to trim.

2795.—Girls' one-piece dress, slipped over the head and having a separate guimpe.—Four sizes—6 to 12 years. For 10 years the dress requires 4 yards 27 inches wide, 2⅞ yards 36 inches wide, or 2½ yards 42 inches wide; the guimpe needs 2⅝ yards 18 inches wide, 1¾ yard 27 inches wide, or 1⅜ yard 36 inches wide.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ....., size ....., name of pattern ....., as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Care of the Ice-box.

Housekeepers are learning that the cleaning of the ice-box, like the cleaning of the house, should be constant rather than occasional; in other words, the refrigerator should be carefully looked over every morning, all spoiled food removed, the waste-pipe flushed out, unnecessary moisture wiped off, and the same care given that is expended at the weekly renovating. The ice-chamber should have nothing in it but the ice, unless bottles of water or other drinks are put there. It is the opening and shutting of this chamber that

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wastes the ice, particularly where a refrigerator is built in, in a passage with a door opening directly in front of a range, as is often the case. For the better preservation of the ice it should be covered with a newspaper when the chest is filled in the morning. The lower chamber is cooler for all food, as cold air falls, but it is difficult to convince the average cook that this is the case. A small dish of charcoal is necessary in each chamber, and the waste-pipe should have very hot, strong washing soda water poured through often.

German Almond Rings.

One-half pound each of blanched almonds, pulverized sugar and puff paste, whites of six eggs. Roll the paste very thin and cut with a biscuit cutter. From the center of each cut a smaller one, leaving the outside ring three-fourths of an inch wide. Beat the eggs until stiff, stir in sugar, with dish in boiling water, until meringue is quite thick, add almonds thinly sliced and cool. Frost the rings with mixture and bake in an oven of proper temperature for cake.—'What to Eat.'

Strawberry Sherbet.

Stem a quart of strawberries, mix with them the juice of two lemons and a pound of sugar, then mash them and set aside for an hour; strain through a fine sieve, pour over a quart of ice water, turn into a freezer and freeze.—'Good Housekeeping.'

How to Knit a Bath Towel.

Here is a simple way of knitting an extremely useful and durable present, so simple that even a child could make one with ease.

For a large towel, four balls of No. 6 unbleached knitting cotton will be needed. The small size of bone needles should be used. Cast on 138 stitches. From beginning to the end knit plain the first three and last three of every needle, so as to make a selvedge. Knit the ends in any way that may be fancied, for instance, seven rows of plain knitting and seven rows of holes.

To make the holes, knit two stitches together and pull the threads over; then two together, and put the thread over across the needle, and in returning knit every stitch, the thread over the needle counting as a stitch. Then knit another plain space of seven rows, with three rows of holes, then a plain space of three rows, and then begin the towel centre.

After the three selvedge stitches knit two plain, two seam, two plain, two seam, across the needle, ending with the selvedge, and knit back in precisely the same order.

The next time (which is the third) reverse the order, knitting two seam, two plain, two seam, two plain, across the needle, knitting back in the same order. The whole centre of the towel is a repetition of these four times. The little squares of twos make raised spots, which will remain if the towels are wrung lightly when washed. They should never be ironed. Make the end correspond with the first, and finish with a heavy fringe of cotton. Do not knit much at a time, as the towel becomes somewhat heavy before it is done, but it is pretty work and most satisfactory.

BOYS If you would like a nice rubber pad, with your own name and address, also a self-inking pad—all for a little work, drop us a card and we will tell you about it. Splendid for marking your books, etc. Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

A Grain of Sand.

(Charles P. Cleaves, in 'Forward.')

When I was pastor in the new factory town, I opened my study on Friday nights for the boys. Among the few who came to read my books and papers and chat with me was New Stark. He listened while others talked, and played the games with a quiet air, as if they were a matter of business, not amusement; there was no enthusiasm about him. He read little. But I liked the manly features and the high forehead under the crisp, rolling, black hair. 'There must be the making of a man there,' thought I. But the neighbors said he hadn't a 'grain o' sand.'

I came to that conclusion myself. It was too years since he had been in school, and while a few others were hustling for education and earning money at spare hours, Ned was idle except for occasional factory work as a spare hand. It annoyed me, too, to know that he earned so little, and time was passing when he might be learning a trade. There were a half dozen other children in the home to be fed and clothed and schooled. It was odd, too, that when Ned did labor he drove his work with a quiet, resolute energy. 'What's the matter with the boy?' I sometimes asked. 'I don't know,' was the usual reply, 'only he doesn't seem to have a grain o' sand.'

The factory boys always celebrate the Fourth. I stood that morning with a broad smile on my face and watched the antics of Irish Jem, blackened and dressed as an 'African Dodger,' with his head stuck through a canvas screen, dodging eggs. 'Three eggs for a dime! Every time you hit the African, yer git a quarter!' Men and boys pelted away in ignorance or disregard of the fact that the shape of an egg spoils the best aim. The bicyclists rolled in from their race, Fred. Carle two lengths ahead of Charley Holland, and Tom Beckett just coming in sight over the hill. Then, when the young men lined up for the running race, I was pleased to see New Stark among them. For half a mile he did famously. Then he lagged. That was not so bad. He had done something and done it well. But to see him give up and slip out and lie down by the fence where I sat made me indignant. 'He might have hung on to the end,' I thought. For I love to see pluck in athletic sports.

'What's the matter, Ned?' I asked.

He looked up and smiled sheepishly.

'Oh, nothing!' he said.

I called upon his mother one day. I know what a mother's loyalty to her son may be, so I dared not ask many questions nor show lack of faith in Ned. I found, as I expected, that she had a better opinion of him than I.

'He's a great help about the house,' she said; 'I couldn't do without Ned when I'm in the factory—and he's not well to work. He's a good boy. He'll come to church by and by, when he gets some clothes.'

(To be continued.)

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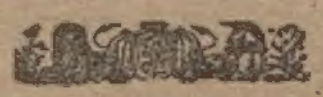

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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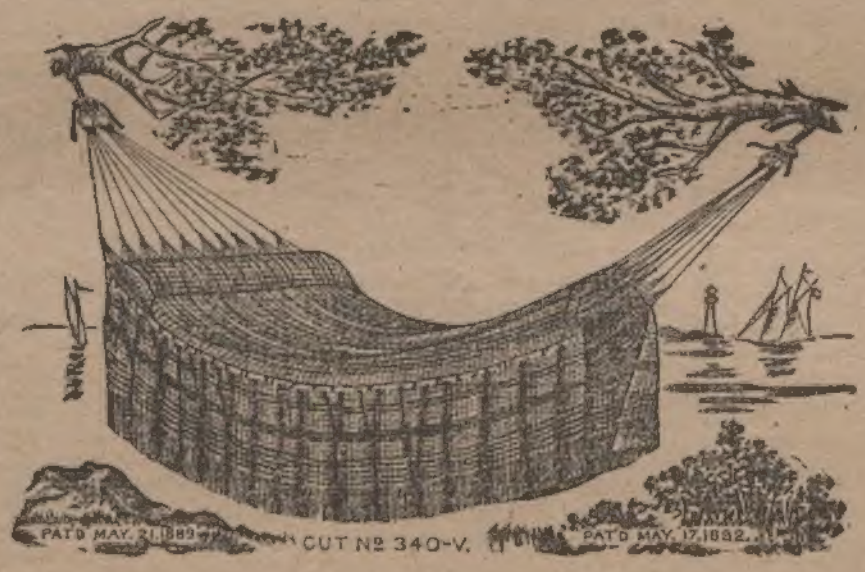
Hammocks, Hammocks, Hammocks

Strong and Handsome



Roomy and Low-Priced

NOTHING is more nerve-restoring in the summer time than a Hammock. A half hour in the Hammock RESTS one. A Hammock or two should be part of every household's equipment, like the bath and the beds. When you are tired right out, run down, nervous and hot, it means you must have either a holiday or a Hammock. We advise both. Take a holiday and take a Hammock with you. At any rate keep a Hammock handy in your home. Every home should have a verandah and every verandah should have a Hammock.

To encourage the Hammock habit we make the following special prices for mail order customers:

Canadian Open Weave Hammock, red and gold and red and green. Regular $1.00. Special to mail order customers, **89c.**

Canadian Close Weave Hammock, good colors, strong, full size. Regular $1.50. Special to mail order customers, **$1.19.**

Same Hammock, with valance. Regular $1.75. Special to mail order customers, **$1.45.**

Palmer's or Canadian Hammocks, closely woven, large assortment of colors, full size. Regular up to $2.50. Special to mail order customers, **$1.98.**

Palmer's or Canadian Hammocks, very strong, full size, good colors, with valance. Regular up to $4.50. Special to mail order customers, **$3.48.**

Palmer's Heavy, Close Weave Hammocks, extra large size, one of the strongest Hammocks on the market, full assortment of colors. Regular up to $6.00. Special to mail order customers, **$4.95.**

ADDRESS ORDERS TO

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA